

EVERETT, EDWARD

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CONTEMPORARIES

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Abraham Lincoln's Contemporaries

Edward Everett

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Edward Everett.



Edward Everett.

them, as this agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present. So, too, whether the wife or the husband had the stronger will, and so dictated the other's vote, as this also would be the same on all sides, the result would not be affected. So that it would be likely to turn out that the present arrangement, by which the men do the electioneering and the voting for both sexes, is a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none."

Of course, the obvious fallacy of this argument, so far as the sex is concerned, is the assumption that women are always wives; but the more fatal fault of it is, that it is just as good an argument against a hundred men as against fifty men and fifty women. They would balance each other, says the orator. Yes; but would he say, because the three millions of voters in this country were very nearly divided at the last national election, that there was no need of having so many voters? If you increase the present number of voters by the addition of as many women, says Mr. Everett, thereby swelling the whole number to six millions, "the agreement or difference would, in the long-run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present." But if you increase the present number in a few years by just as many men, the ratio of difference will be about the same; *therefore*, is the logical conclusion, it isn't worth while to increase the number of voters.

Of course this is not Mr. Everett's desire. But it is the "too much" of his argument. If he has established his point, he has proved that suffrage ought not to be extended. But remorseless logic takes the result of his argument a great deal farther. For if there be no need of making the three millions six millions, for the reason that the ratio of difference will be the same—if this ratio can be maintained among us in a vote of a hundred thousand, that vote is quite large enough, and the rest of us have only to regard that vote as "a species of representation."

Mr. Everett is a scholar. Now was not his argument virtually the argument of England against the Colonies before the Revolution. "We are practically one people," said the British Government; "your interests are ours. The empire flourishes and falls altogether. What hurts us hurts you. Our governors keep us constantly informed of your condition; and although you have no nominal representative, yet what hurts you hurts us, and we are 'a species of representation which promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none.'"

Naturally the colonies and the women (some of them, at least, who pay taxes) denied and deny the justice of the cheerful argument. But the argument is the same in both cases.

In the most perfect good temper and humor, Mr. Everett proceeds to say: "Meantime, for all the great desirable objects of life, the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind is of vastly greater importance than the participation of political power. There are three great objects of pursuit on earth—well-being, or happiness for ourselves and families; influence and control over others; and a good name with our fellow-men, while we live and when we are gone. Who needs he told that, in the present state of the world, a good education is not indeed a sure, but by far the most likely, means of attaining all the ends which constitute material prosperity, competence, position, establish-

ment in life; and that it also opens the purest sources of enjoyment?"

And a little later, in the speech, he says: "It is the mental and moral forces, not political power, which mainly govern the world."

These things are true, if they are correctly understood. But, unfortunately, young Bomha and Francis of Austria might say the same things. "What *you* want, young man," said a veteran publisher to a young author; "what *you* want is reputation, not money." He was willing the youth should have the reputation, but he preferred to keep the money for himself. "Improve your minds, dears," says the Czar to his subjects; "don't trouble yourselves about political power." Now it is by means of political power that moral forces control the government of the world—just as it was by means of wood and canvas that Columbus reached America. And it is by "the participation of political power" that "the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind" is secured to every body in the State. The defect of the argument lies in supposing that there is any necessary opposition between the education and the political power, or that they can be played off against each other. There have always been men of profoundly cultivated minds and consciences in Rome—but they could never control the Government, so they could be of no wide advantage to the people. And in our own country, if intelligent and honest men continue to remain so contented with improvement of mind, as if that could in any way release them from political duty, or excuse their guilt in neglecting it, it may chance that the political power which they do not participate may seriously interfere with "a good education."

In fact, the great truth that wants to be loudly preached at the opening of every school and the Commencement of every college is, that just in the degree that a man is educated and intelligent, just in that degree should he interest himself in politics, because in no other way can he secure to every man the chance for the same education.

Mr. Everett is too wise a man not to see this as plainly as any body. He did not mean to deny it in his speech. But in his half-sportive effort to show the undesirableness of "female suffrage" he used an argument that would limit all suffrage and destroy popular governments. *Heaven 9-60*

At the opening of a girl's school in Boston the other day, the name of which is to be the Everett School in honor of Mr. Edward Everett, that gentleman made a speech. In a very good-humored way the orator naturally alluded to the question of women's rights in the matter of education, etc. Now, as often happens, when a speaker tries to straighten a point he bends it backward. In other words, he proves too much. It was so with the pleasant argument of Mr. Everett—it proves a great deal more than he meant it to prove.

He says, for instance: "I think it would be found, on trial, that nothing would be gained—nothing changed for the better—by putting the sexes on the same footing with respect, for instance, to the right of suffrage. Whether the wives and sisters agreed with the husbands and brothers, or differed from

noblest act of his life, the act which restored him to the old love of his old admirers and the fresh respect of the new, was the avowal that he had mistaken his times. With a happiness and satisfaction he had not known for many a year, he saw at last that America was Liberty, and bowing his heart before her she touched his lips with a sweeter music than they had ever known.

And one of the truest and most honored priests of that Liberty, William Cullen Bryant, born in the same year with Mr. Everett, speaks for all who have lamented the long palliation of fatal wrong which his temperament and training imposed upon Everett, in saying at the Union League Club in New York: "If I have ever uttered any thing in derogation of Mr. Everett's public character, at times when it seemed to me he did not resist with becoming spirit the aggression of wrong, I now, looking back upon his noble record of the last four years, retract it at his grave; I lay upon his hearse the declaration of my sorrow that I saw not then the depth of his worth, that I did not discern under the conservatism which formed a part of his nature that generous courage which a great emergency could so nobly awaken."

GENERAL ORDERS, }

No. 4. }

WAR DEPARTMENT,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Washington, January 16, 1865.

In obedience to the order of the President, directing that appropriate honors be rendered to the memory of the late EDWARD EVERETT, the offices of the War Department will be draped with the usual insignia of mourning, and will this day be closed to the public; and all military posts, forts, and arsenals will display their flags at half-staff during the day following the receipt of this order.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

W. A. NICHOLS,

Assistant Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL :

Assistant Adjutant General.

EDWARD EVERETT.

AT the funeral of Mr. Everett, on the 19th of January, the persons who acted as pall-bearers, and accompanied the body to the grave, had been appointed, to that service by the government of the city of Boston.

They represented respectively the Commonwealth, the City, the Supreme Bench, the University, the American Academy, the Historical Society, the Public Library, the Union Club, and the United States Army and Navy. The officers of the Army and Navy highest in rank on this station represented these services; the other organizations were represented, in each case, by their highest officers.

The Governor received at the same time the following despatch:—

“It is impracticable for the President and the Cabinet to leave the capital to attend the funeral.

“The President of the United States and the heads of departments tender to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts their condolence on the lamented death of Edward Everett, who was worthy to be enrolled among the noblest of the nation’s benefactors.”

Why do you call that man a private citizen, to whom every officer in the Nation, in the Commonwealth, and in the City, unites in paying homage? Why do you select the leading man in every class of service to be present to represent you at his open grave?

The true answer to these questions, and the true explanation of the universal feeling expressed in public and in private when he died, are not found without reference to some traits of moral constitution, to which it is well, I believe, to call attention now. To those traits of character,—as shown through life,—rather than to specific gifts of intellectual power, is Mr. Everett’s singularly varied success to be ascribed. You may say, if you please, that it requires a very rare mental genius and even very rare physical endowment to carry out

the behests of such resolution as I am to describe. This, of course, is true. But unless you have the moral determination which compels your vivid mind to plan, and your well-built machine to work for you, you get no such life. The secret—if it is to be called such—of this wonderful life, is the determination to do the special thing which at the moment is to be done. Mr. Everett was no admirer of Carlyle. But long before Carlyle began to tell men “to do the thing that came next them,” Mr. Everett had been doing it, with a steady confidence that he could do it. Now the things that come next men in America are very various. That is the reason why he has been doing very various things. That is the reason why President and Cabinet, Navy and Army, University, Bench, and Academy, City and Commonwealth, meet, by their first representatives, at his grave, in recognition of specific service of the most eminent character which he has rendered to each of them, and which it would be a shame for them to fail to own.

In a little sketch of his college life, which he once sent me, there is an estimate—made at the age of sixty-one—of his own standing when he was a Sophomore, in comparison with some of his classmates. Some of those he names have passed on before him; two of them remain with us, to be honored always for the fruits of that scholarship which he observed so young. I think there can be nothing wrong in publishing a recollection, which, by accident, gives a hint as to the method of his own after-life to which I have alluded.

“I was considered, I believe, as taking rank among the few best scholars of the [Sophomore] class, although there was no branch in which I was not equalled—and in several I was excelled—by some of my classmates, except perhaps Metaphysics. Thus, I was sur-

passed by Cooper in Latin, but he was wholly deficient in Mathematics, and regarded with pity, not altogether unmixed with contempt, all who had a taste for that study. Story, a brother of Mr. Justice Story, excelled me in Greek, but he neglected everything else, and seemed to get at the Greek rather by intuition than study. Fuller, Gray, and Hunt were my superiors in Mathematics; but in other studies I was the rival of Fuller, and Hunt made no pretensions to general scholarship;—for the branch in which he excelled he had a decided genius. Gilman was a more practised writer than I; so was Damon; and Frothingham greatly excelled me in speaking, and was in everything a highly accomplished scholar. If I had any strong point, it was that of *neglecting no branch and doing about equally well in all*."

He had occasion enough to show in all life that it is a very strong point, this "of neglecting no branch, and doing equally well in all." And in his estimates of other men, I think,—though he was more charitable in his judgments than any man I have ever known,—he always had latent the feeling that men could do almost anything they really resolved to do. You could never persuade him that a public speaker could not learn to speak well. He did not pretend that all men could speak equally well, but he really thought that it was the duty of a man, who meant to speak in public, to train himself, in voice, in intonation, in emphasis, so as to speak simply, and without attracting attention to any failure. He thought any man could do this as truly as any man could acquire a good handwriting. And any one who knew him knows that he considered this art as easily attained as the arts by which we clean our faces or our hands.*

Starting upon life with this principle, that he would do what had to be done,—if nobody else appeared to do it,—and that he could do it, too,—he soon

found himself with work enough on his hands. English's flippant attack on the New Testament Scriptures appeared while Mr. Everett was minister of Brattle-Street Church. Because it appeared, he considered it his place to defend the New Testament against that specific attack; and he did it. The "Defence of Christianity," which he then published, is of value, chiefly as a piece of controversy belonging to the history of opinion in this neighborhood at that moment. Controversy has long since taken other grounds. For that purpose, at that moment, the book did its work completely. It exhausted the points which Mr. English raised, and exhausted them in a way which required very patient study. Mr. Everett once said that to compile the chapter on the quotations of the Old Testament by the New Testament writers, he went through the whole of the Mishna in the edition of Surenhusius, in six volumes folio. This chapter, I may say in passing, is the chapter of most permanent value in the "Defence." Now this "Defence," the work of a boy of twenty years of age, was written in the midst of the demands made upon the popular preacher in one of the largest parishes in Boston, in a few months' time,—sent to the printer chapter by chapter. And Mr. Everett said of it, in after-life, that, if it did not seem like affectation, he would say that it was relaxation from the work he was doing in the pulpit. I have no doubt it was. I have no thought that he was specially fitted for that work. It illustrates rather his moral force of determination. He thought that particular charge of Mr. English's ought to be answered. Nobody else answered it. And therefore he did it himself. He knew he could do it, if it must be done. If he had not prepared for it, he must prepare for it then.

But the reader will observe, I hope, that he does not in the "Defence" attempt anything else than the task he had assigned. Here is no general Apology. It is no discussion of the Evidences. It is a specific duty,—

* "For if one has anything worth writing, it is really worth while to write it so it can be read."—*Address at Barre.*

which he had assigned to himself,—cleanly, neatly, and thoroughly done. He knew what he was going to do, when he began; and he knew, when he had finished what he could do. His victories, his life through, will all be found, I think, to illustrate that sort of steady, but determined resolution,—determined, in the sense that, before he began, the bounds were established for the work which was to be done.

When he went to Congress, for instance, in 1824, he had been widely known, in this part of the country at least, as a scholar who had travelled in Europe, and as one of the leaders in the movement in favor of the Greeks. Very naturally, Mr. Taylor appointed him on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and in that capacity he served all the time he was in the House. "I devoted myself," he said of that part of his life, "mainly to the discharge of that part of the public business which was intrusted to me"; that is, to the foreign relations. There were enough other interests in those years to which he might have devoted himself. But this was the sub-department which had been assigned to him, and therefore he devoted himself to it. If it had been Indian Affairs, or the Militia, he would have devoted himself to either of those; and I think he would have distinguished himself in either of them as much as he did in the other.

In this connection, it is to be observed, that, though few men worked as rapidly or as easily as he, this same moral determination appeared in the resoluteness with which he refused to do anything till he was satisfied with his own preparation. The thing might not require any, and then he made none. But if it was an occasion which he thought deserved preparation, no haste nor pressure nor other excuse availed to induce him to attempt what he had not made the fit preparation for. I think nothing really made him so indignant with us who were his juniors, as that we would half do things, instead of taking time to do them as well as we could. Yet, when the necessity came, he could achieve

things that no other man would have dreamed of on such short notice. There are stories of his feats in this way which need not be repeated here.

I have heard people speak of his political life, especially of late years, as if it were a great riddle; and, in eulogies on him since his death, I find men speaking as if he underwent some great revulsion of character when Fort Sumter was attacked in 1861. I think there is no such mystery about it. The secret—if secret it is to be called—of his politics was blazoned in almost every speech he ever made, if people could only train themselves to think that a public man really believes what he says. It was this, that at heart he believed in the people. He believed they had virtue enough and good sense enough to carry them through any difficulty they would ever get into. He did not believe in total depravity. He did not, therefore, believe in theirs. And when he had any appeal to make to the people, he appealed to their supposed virtue, and not to their supposed vices,—he spoke to their good sense, and not to their folly. Mr. Emerson says somewhere, that he gave people no new thoughts. I do not think this is true. It is, however, very certain that he gave them no *buncombe*. He believed in them, in their good sense, and in their average virtue. He knew that everything depended on them. He was eager to educate the people, therefore, and all the people. He did not believe it possible to educate any of them too well. And if you had asked him, the day he died, what had been the central idea of his life, he would have said it was the education of the people. His life was full of it. His speeches were full of it. Nothing so provoked him as any snobbism which wanted to hinder it. When he was President of the College,—I think in 1848,—there was a black boy in the High School at Cambridge, fitting for college. Some gentlemen in Alabama, who had sons there, or on their way there, wrote to Mr. Everett to remonstrate against the boy's entering. He replied, that the College

was endowed to educate all comers; that, if the black boy could pass his examination, as he hoped he could, he would be admitted; and that, if, as they seemed to suppose, all the white students withdrew, the College would then be conducted on its endowments for the black boy alone. And that was no exceptional reply. It was his way of looking at such things.

Now it is very true that a man like that makes no demagogue appeals to the people. He will not be apt to ally himself with any specially radical party. He will never say that an unwashed man has as good chance for godliness as a washed man, because he will not believe it. He will never say that an ignorant man's vote is as good as a sensible man's, because he will not believe that. But in any question where the rights of men are on one side and the rights of classes on the other, he will pronounce for the rights of men. Accordingly, his verdict was stiffly against the Missouri Compromise in 1820 and 1821. He said it was unwise and unjust. When, in 1836, it came time, under that Compromise, to admit the State of Arkansas, — the next Slave State after Missouri, — he said that we were not bound to admit her with slavery, that the Compromise was not binding, and never could be made binding; it was unwise and unjust. Because he had said so, he considered himself estopped from saying that it was binding, and sacred, and inviolable, and all that, in 1854, when the rest of us made it into a new-found palladium of liberty. He would not argue the Nebraska question on the Compromise, but on the original principles of the popular rights involved. It is the same confidence in the people which shines through the letter to Baron Hülsemann, which he wrote at the request of Mr. Webster, and through his answer to the proposal of the Three Powers that we should guaranty Cuba to Spain. It may be necessary for popular freedom that Spain shall not have Cuba. The same thing is in all his reviews of the Basil Halls and other travellers. I do not suppose he liked a

dirty table-cloth better than Mrs. Trollope did. I do not suppose he liked a Virginia fence better than Cobbett did. But he knew that table-cloths could be washed, and Virginia fences changed in time for hedges and walls. And he was willing to wait for such changes, — even with all the elegance people talk of, — if he were sure that the education of the people was going forward, and the lines of promotion were kept open.

When, therefore, the issue of 1861 came, there was no question, to anybody who knew him well, where he would stand. He would stand with the democratic side against the aristocratic side. And the issue of this war is the issue between democracy and oligarchy. Persons who did not believe in the people did not stand on the democratic side. Persons who thought a republican government had been forced on us by misfortune, and that we must simply make the best of it, did not stand there. They did not believe that this time the people could get through. So they thought it best to stop before beginning. He knew the people could go through anything. So he thought it best to hold firm to the end.

Some of the most amusing of the details of his early life, which, with his wonderful memory, he was rather fond of relating, belong to his experiences in education.

Here is his account of his first attendance at the central town-school of Dorchester, after he had left a dame-school.

"In this school, on first entering it, I was placed at the bottom of the lowest class; but even that was a position beyond my previous attainments. Unable to spell the words which formed the lesson, I used, when they came down to me from the boy above, to say just what he did, not being far enough advanced to insinuate a blunder of my own. But in the course of a few months I made great progress. In writing I was rather forward. I can remember writing 1799 at the bottom of the page in my copy-book; and this is the oldest date which as a date I can recollect. I was then

five years old.* My father having, as a reward for my improvement, promised me a boughten 'writing-book,' as it was called, instead of a sheet of paper folded at home, with which children usually began, the brilliant prospect melted me almost to tears.

"Each boy in those days provided his own 'ink-horn,' as it was called. Mine was a ponderous article of lead, cast by myself at the kitchen fire, with a good deal of aid from the hired man who was employed in the summer to work the little farm. For pens we bought two goose-quills fresh from the wing, for a cent; older boys paid that sum for a single 'Dutch quill.' . . .

"In the year 1802, a new district school-house was built near our residence, to which I was transferred from the school on the meeting-house hill. It was kept by Mr. Wilkes Allen, afterwards a respectable clergyman at Chelmsford. I was now between eight and nine years old. My eldest brother had left school, and was in a counting-room in Boston; my second brother had entered college; and as we were almost all of us little folks at Mr. Allen's, I was among the most advanced. I began the study of arithmetic at this time, using Pike as the text-book. I recollect proceeding to the extraction of the cube-root, without the slightest comprehension of the principle of that or any of the simplest arithmetical operations. I could have comprehended them, had they been judiciously explained, but I could not penetrate them without aid. At length I caught a glimpse of the principle of decimals. I thought I had made a discovery as confidently as Pythagoras did when he demonstrated the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid. I was proportionately annoyed when I afterwards discovered that I had been anticipated in finding out that 'a deci-

mal is a fraction whose denominator is a unit with as many ciphers annexed as the numerator has places,' or rather in finding out precisely what this meant."

He entered college in 1807, and thus describes his first experiences there.

"I was thirteen years old in April, and entered a Freshman the following August, being the youngest member of my class. I lived the first year with my classmate, Charles P. Curtis, in a wooden building standing at the corner of the Main and Church Streets. It was officially known as the 'College House,' but known by the students as 'Wiswall's Den,' or, more concisely, 'The Den,'—whether from its comfortless character as a habitation or from some worse cause I do not know. There was a tradition that it had been the scene of a horrid domestic tragedy, and that it was haunted by the ghosts of the Wiswalls; but I cannot say that during the twelvemonth I lived in 'The Den' this tale was confirmed by my own experience.

"We occupied the southwest corner-chamber, up two flights of stairs,—a room about fourteen feet square, in which were contained two beds and the rest of our furniture, and our fuel, which was wood, and was kept under the beds. Two very small closets afforded a little additional space; but the accommodations were certainly far from brilliant. A good many young men who go to college are idlers; some, worse than idlers. I suppose my class in this respect was like other classes; but there was a fair proportion of faithful, studious students, and of well-conducted young men. I was protected in part, perhaps, by my youth, from the grosser temptations. I went through the prescribed studies of the year—which were principally a few books of Livy and Horace for the Latin, and 'Collectanea Græca Majora' for the Greek—about as well as most of the class; but the manner in which the ancient languages were then studied was deplorably superficial. It was confined to the most cursory reading of the text.

* In another scrap of his reminiscences, he says: "The oldest political event of which I have any recollection is that of the *quasi* French War of 1798. This I remember only in connection with the family talk of the price of flour, which it was said would cost twenty dollars a barrel. As we used principally brown bread, this was of less consequence; although the price of Indian corn and meal was probably increased also."

Besides the Latin and Greek languages, we had a weekly recitation in Lowth's English Grammar, and in the Hebrew Grammar, *without points*; also in Arithmetic and History, the last from Mil-lot's Compend as a text-book. In all these branches there was an entire want of apparatus; and the standard, compared with that which now exists, was extremely low. And yet, in all respects, I imagine a great improvement had taken place, in reference to college education, on the state of things which existed in the previous generation. The intense political excitement of the Revolutionary period seems to have unsettled the minds of men from the quiet pursuits of life."

Reminiscences like these of his own lead one to speak of his memory, which was of all kinds, and wonderful in all. His memory for things was as remarkable as that for words, — a parallel I have known in very few men. In this double memory lay his power, which often excited the surprise of other speakers, of introducing into a discourse which he had written out, and, as men said, committed to memory, a passage purely extempore, so precisely that no patch could be observed at the junctures. The truth is, that it was not a matter of much account with him whether he had written out a statement of a fact or not. He was sure of the fact. And in simple narrative he was as willing to use extempore language as language prepared. Mr. Emerson says, in some not very flattering criticisms on him, — "It was remarked, for a man who threw out so many facts, he was seldom convicted of a blunder." I do not think he had any system of training memory, beyond that of using it and calling on it pitilessly, which is, I believe, the central rule regarding it.

Here is a curious story of a feat of memory, in his sketch of his Sophomore year.

"I have mentioned Metaphysics as a study in which I succeeded. I mean, of course, only that I prepared myself thoroughly in the text-books. Watts's Logic was the first book studied in this

branch, — not a very inviting treatise, compared with that of Archbishop Whately, but easily comprehended, and not repulsive. The account of the syllogistic method amused me; and the barbarous stanza describing the various syllogistic modes and figures dwelt for a long time in my memory, and has not wholly faded away. Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding' came next. This was more difficult. I recollect we used to make sport of the first sentence in the 'Epistle to the Reader,' which was, 'I here put into thy hands what has been the diversion of some of my idle and heavy hours: if it has the good luck to prove so of any of thine, and thou hast but half so much pleasure in reading as I had in writing it, thou wilt as little think thy money, as I do my pains, ill bestowed.' I cannot say that we any of us derived much diversion from it; but I overcame its difficulty by the resolute purpose to accomplish whatever was required. We recited from it three times a day, the four first days of the week, the recitation of Thursday afternoon being a review of the rest. We were expected to give the substance of the author's remarks, but were at liberty to condense them, and to use our own words. Although the style of Mr. Locke is not remarkably compact, it required a greater maturity of mind than is possessed by many boys of fourteen to abridge his paragraphs, or state his principles or their illustrations more concisely than he does himself. I had at that time a memory which recoiled from nothing; and I soon found that the shortest process was to learn the text by heart nearly *verbatim*. I recollect particularly, on one occasion of the review on Thursday afternoon, that I was called upon to recite early, and, commencing with the portion of the week's study which came next, I went on repeating word for word and paragraph after paragraph, and finally, not being stopped by our pleased tutor,* page after page, till I finally went through in that way the greater part

* Mr. Hedge, with whom this was a favorite passage.

of the eleven recitations of the week. The celebrated passage on the Memory happened to be included. A portion of it, after the lapse of forty-seven years, remains in my recollection as distinctly as it did the day after I learned it. I refer to the passage beginning, 'Thus the ideas, as well as children, of our youth often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.'

"I may observe, that, beautiful as is this language beyond anything else in the work of Locke, it will not stand the test of criticism. There is no resemblance between what befalls the ideas and the children of our youth; and supposing there were such a resemblance, there is not the slightest analogy between the premature decease of the ideas and the children of our youth and the disappearance of monumental inscriptions and imagery from the brass and marble of tombs. But I feel ashamed of this attempt to pick flaws in this beautiful passage."

But I must not dwell on these reminiscences. I am tempted to refer any reader interested in his work in the education of the people to an article on that subject in the seventh volume of Mr. Barnard's "Journal of Education."

I once heard him say that the mental faculty which had been of most use to him and had given him most pleasure was his facility in acquiring language. He said this on occasion of a visit to a county prison, where they had taken him to the cell of a person whom no one could understand. I think he had been called a Greek; but he proved to be an Italian. Mr. Everett was then Governor of the Commonwealth, and this was an official visit. It was a pretty illustration of republican institutions, that this poor prisoner in his solitude should first hear his own language from the chief magistrate. Mr. Everett addressed him first in the language of his supposed country,—I think in Greek,—and changed to Italian, when the

prisoner spoke to him. He spoke French, German, Italian, and the Romaic with ease. He read the whole Hebrew Testament in his youth, and in Germany made considerable progress in Arabic; but I do not think that he kept up his Oriental languages in later years. He was fond of exercising himself in the other languages named, and almost always had some stated correspondence on his hands in each of them.

Unless he really loved correspondence, as some men do, I believe, I cannot conceive that even so conscientious a man as he should have kept his correspondence in such perfect order, answered letters of every kind so faithfully, so fully, and so agreeably. The last day of his life, a sick man as he was, he seems to have written a dozen letters. Everybody had an answer, and a kind one. He was, I think, the last man living who courteously acknowledged printed documents. Certainly there is no one left to do so among men whose habits I have heard of. But he would not fail in any kindness or courtesy. At times his correspondence rose into a position of real dignity. Thus, after Fort Sumter, while we still carried the Rebels' mails for them, he wrote steadily through all his working-hours of every day to his Southern correspondents, who were sending him all sorts of Billingsgate. And he wrote them the truth. "It is the only way they see a word of truth," he said. "Look at that newspaper, and that, and that." Till the mails stopped, they had not to blame him, if they were benighted. I wish that series of letters might, even now, be published separately.

In such duties, coming next his hand, he spent a busy life. Every life has a dream, a plan, of what we are going to do, when we can do what we will. I think his was the preparation of his work on International Law. As I have said, it became his duty to study this as early as 1825. I remember hearing him speak of his plans regarding it in 1839. He set his work aside, most unwillingly, when, in face of his own

first determination and the advice of his best friends, he became President of Harvard College. As soon as he was released from that position he turned to it again. During this last winter he had hoped to deliver at the Law School a course of lectures on the subject; and a part of these are certainly in form ready for delivery. But from this thread, or this dream, the demands of present duty have constantly called him away. He has done, from day to day, what had to be done, rather than what he wanted to do. A better record this, though men forget him to-morrow, than the fame of any Grotius even, if Grotius had not deserved like praise, better than the fame of any book-man of them all.

The brave man, — and he was a brave man, though in personal intercourse he was really shy, — the brave man, who, with all his might, and all God's strength assisting, will lend body and mind to such daily duty for other men, earns his laurels, when he wins them, in more fields than one or two. It is because Mr. Everett so lived, that in his death his memory receives such varied honors. He had served the Navy; the last interruption to his favorite study had been the devotion of the autumn months to the great charity which builds the Sailors' Home. He had served the Army, not merely by sending a son into it, — by "personal representatives," I know

not how many, whose bounties he had paid, — but by the steady effort in all the charities for the wounded, and by the counsel, private as often as public, for which every department of the State turned to him. He had served the Union, all men know how. He had served the Bench, not simply as a student of the branch of law which he had chosen to illustrate, but in the steady training of the people to the sacredness of law. He had insisted on the higher education of the people; and so had fairly won the honors of the Academy, in those early days when men believed that there were Moral Sciences, and did not debase the name of Science by confining it to the mere chaff of things weighed and measured. His studies of History are remembered, for some special cause, in almost every Historical Society in the land. He had served the University in every station known to her constitution. He was in the service of the City in that Public Library of which he was, more than any man, the founder, which completes her system of universal education. He had served the State as her chief magistrate. And in every work of life he served the Nation as her first citizen. These varied lines of duty — in which "he neglected no branch, but did about equally well in all" — were fitly called to men's memories, as they saw the circle of distinguished friends and fellow-laborers who met around his grave.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE essence of courtesy is kindness. Even when it is merely a form it is still an affectation of good feeling; and a man of truly large heart is generally a man of truly pleasant manners. In a country of travelers like ours courtesy is peculiarly essential to comfort. We live among strangers at hotels and upon railroads and steamers, and a churl is a public nuisance. A kind word, a generous act, a little self-denial, a little consideration of others upon the part of every man, would make a total of national good feeling and comfort to which every one ought to be glad to contribute. Yet it is unpleasantly true that a little meanness and selfishness often carry applause as manliness and shrewdness.

The Easy Chair was painfully reminded of this truth not long ago as it was rolling along the railroad between New York and Boston. The observation it made there will answer for many other railroads and regions in the country.

At Springfield the evening trains from Albany and from New York connect and proceed as an express train to Boston. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A—, turned in his seat in the smoking-car as the train moved out of Springfield, and said to Mr. B—, who was sitting behind him:

"From New York, Sir?"

Mr. B—, evidently surprised and a little amused by the abrupt question, answered, briefly,

"Yes, Sir."

"Going to Boston, Sir?" was the prompt rejoinder.

Mr. B—, clearly nettled by what he thought an impertinent inquisitiveness, replied, blandly but decidedly,

"Yes, Sir. Are you?"

There was something in the tone which seemed to ask, politely enough, what business it was of Mr. A—'s where Mr. B— was going. The quiet reproof of the tone was evidently felt by Mr. A—, and he explained:

"I beg pardon for my apparent curiosity, but I asked because I come to-day from beyond Albany; and as I live about four miles out of Boston I am anxious to be dropped near my home instead of being carried on and compelled to return so far after midnight. But the conductor will not stop the train for a passenger with an Albany ticket, while he will do so for one from New York. So if you would kindly exchange tickets with me I shall be at home at a reasonable hour, and the train will be delayed scarcely a minute in arriving at Boston."

It was a perfectly frank and fair request, and Mr. B— replied that he would willingly make the exchange. He gave his ticket to Mr. A—, who thanked him warmly and gave his in return. It was a very simple and natural act, and the conversation between the gentlemen was loud enough to be heard by all the passengers around them. The train rolled on; the conductor passed through and clipped the tickets; and at midnight Mr. B—, with the rest, alighted from the cars in the Boston station. He took his place with others in a sleigh for the hotel; but just as it left the station one of the other passengers said, in a chuckling tone, to his neighbor:

"Did you see the neat thing C— did in the cars to-night?"

"No, what was it?" asked his companion.

"Well, there was a fellow who came by the Al-

hany train and joined us at Springfield, who asked a man from New York to exchange tickets with him, because he wanted to get off before reaching Boston, and he said the conductor would not stop the train except for a New York ticket. The New York man exchanged with him, and C— heard the whole thing. When the conductor came along, C— told him the story, and pointed out the men. The conductor smiled, passed on, and said nothing. But after we left Worcester, and he came round again, the Albany man asked him if he would slow the train to give him a chance to jump off at his point. The conductor asked him where he came from. The man showed his New York ticket. 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'but you don't come from New York.' 'Why, here is my ticket,' replied the other. 'Yes, my friend, but you came from Albany, and you have exchanged your ticket with a New York passenger, and the train can not stop, you know.' And the Albany chap was brought all the way in, and has got to get out of town as he can, and a darned cold journey he'll have of it. Smart in C—, wasn't it?"

And the two passengers laughed together at C—'s "neat thing."

Yes, it was smart, but it was ineffably mean. It showed a petty and narrow mind, and a lack of that generosity which ennobles men and makes human intercourse delightful. How instinctively you pity the wife and children of such a man! How poor the riches that come by such smartness! It was not a great crime—it was only an infinitely little discourtesy. It kept a man from reaching his home two hours, or perhaps a night, earlier, and it did not bring any other man five minutes sooner to his home. A small peg on the inside of the sole of your shoe is not a sword-thrust into your heart. But courtesy, generosity, the instincts of a gentleman, no more prick you with a pin than they cut you with a sabre. Every man should remember that he is upon trial when he travels. There is an inquest of a car-fol of other men and women upon his politeness and real manliness.

EDWARD EVERETT died a private citizen, although his whole life had been devoted to public service. He died at a most fortunate moment for his fame; and in the general gratitude for his faithful service during the war every body was willing to forget that his prescience had not been equal to his patriotism. But if a man strikes with all his might when danger comes to his country it is rather hard to reproach him that he did not see it coming. In our recent history we have all had need of much forbearance. If some did not see the approach of danger, they have at least been conspicuously steady and strong when it appeared; and, on the other hand, some who foresaw the attack have been very far from wise in the defense.

Mr. Everett was not a man of genius, nor of that temperament which makes or controls epochs in human affairs. But he had remarkable gifts, and they were remarkably cultivated. His powers of literary acquisition were extraordinary, his memory singularly trained and retentive, his intellectual habit rigidly methodical, and his scholarship, therefore, was not only vast and various, but its resources were constantly at the command of his delicate tact and courtesy. If in public speaking he never inspired his hearers, he was always sure to

charm them by the elegance and symmetry of the form, and instruct them by the comprehensive and well-digested substance of his orations.

His various accomplishments made him in many ways a most valuable foreign minister, and he related with a full sense of its humor—for his perception of comedy was acute—a little incident of his official residence as American Minister in London.

One day, at a pleasant country house, where Washington Irving and Bancroft were also guests, the conversation, as was natural among three gentlemen who had all been foreign ministers, fell upon diplomatic life. Irving, with the sly twinkle in his eye, was soon telling comical incidents of his experience when Everett, after listening with an air of great amusement, said:

"One of the drollest incidents in my diplomatic life occurred at my presentation as United States Minister in England. I went to the palace, by appointment, with Lord Melbourne, feeling very uncomfortable in my official toggery, and found that the Neapolitan ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala, was to be presented at the same time. We were introduced to each other, and after a proper interval the official presentations to her Majesty took place. When they were over [probably at Windsor] Lord Melbourne said:

"Your Excellencies will be expected to remain, and in the evening join a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent—[the Queen's mother].

"We howed," continued Mr. Everett, "and Lord Melbourne added,

"I play a very poor game myself, in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it."

"And I," said the Prince Castelcicala, turning to me, "I am a very poor player; and if I should chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance."

"We were all moving down the corridor toward the Duchess's apartments," said Mr. Everett, with a grave smile, "and it was very amusing to hear our mutual apologies and deprecations, especially as I remarked in my turn that I was not very familiar with the game. Here we were, three dignified personages in middle life, clad in extraordinary attire, and solemnly proceeding to play a game which we imperfectly understood, and for which we did not care in the least.

"When we reached the Duchess's apartments she was seated at the table, and we were formally presented, and, at her gracious invitation, seated ourselves for the game. Just as we were beginning to play, a lady in waiting approached and placed herself at the back of the Duchess's chair. The Duchess then turned to us and said, politely:

"Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I really am a very poor player."

"It was inexpressibly droll," said Mr. Everett, "and it was a curious illustration of the ceremonial character of court life."

Yet no man was more punctilious in observing all conventional duties than Mr. Everett. His humorous perception of their frequent absurdity did not disturb his respectful deference to them. So in his oratory he did not disdain any dramatic effects, and sometimes used them very skillfully. The felicitous rhetorical stroke which confirmed his fame as an orator was his appeal to Lafayette at the close of his discourse at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society; and in his subsequent eulogy upon

Lafayette in Faneuil Hall he turned at the close of his oration and apostrophized the bust of the General which stood beside him, "Speak, marble lips!" amidst the enthusiastic emotion of his audience.

Less fortunate, however, was his display of the piece of the ocean telegraphic cable in his discourse to the Alumni at Harvard, and his striking his pockets, and jingling the keys and coin in them, in the oration upon Washington, when he alluded to Marlborough, the sordid miser. So also a little story told of his delivery of the same oration illustrates his fondness of elaborate dramatic effect in oratory.

There is a passage in the discourse in which he spoke of the soldiers of the Revolution, and as he was waiting in the ante-room before going upon the platform a Revolutionary veteran was introduced to him. Mr. Everett talked with him pleasantly, and, speaking of his oration, asked the old man to rise and stand before the audience when he began the passage. The old soldier was gratified, and said he would certainly do it.

The company proceeded to the platform, the veteran was seated conspicuously in full view of the audience, and the orator began. When he reached the passage alluding to the old soldiers he turned toward the veteran, who began to move and get upon his legs. After some struggling he succeeded, and the old man stood painfully leaning upon his cane, when the orator, raising his hand and addressing him, exclaimed:

"Nay, Sir, sit down, sit down; it is for us to stand in your presence!"

Upon which the bewildered veteran, somewhat confounded, sank back again into his seat, and afterward said, "That Mr. Everett is a very queer man. He told me to stand up, and the moment I stood up he said to me, 'Sit down, Sir, sit down.'"

But even Burke did not hesitate to aid his oratory by such effects.

It was very striking to see how Boston honored her son in his obsequies. Approaching the city from the north and east, and rumbling over the piles that carry the railroads to the main land, you saw the flag upon Bunker Hill monument, and all the lower flags in the city, hanging at half mast. People in the cars coming from the country to see the pageant were consulting where to find the best places, and there was but one topic in all circles. The street near the church was thronged; the building overflowed; the streets through which the procession was to pass were lined with spectators, and many of the shops upon the route were hung in mourning, while business was generally suspended. By-and-by the minute-guns on the Common and at the Navy-yard began to boom slowly; the church bells solemnly tolled; and the roll of muffled drums and the long, pealing, melancholy wail of the wind instruments filled the air. The mounted soldiers, the infantry, the heavily-curtained hearse, the file of carriages passed by, and the orator who, within the week, had made the last speech of his many speeches upon the theatre of his many triumphs, was hidden from human eyes forever.

The public sorrow at Everett's death is in many of the noblest minds also an act of forgiveness. Had he died four years before he would have missed his best fame. No student of his time can forget that, until those four years, the gifts and graces of this noted American citizen were lost to the cause of America. If it were not recorded, his own confession would remind us of it. And the simplest and

The Gettysburg Addresses**Whatever Became of Edward Everett?**

By ED CREAGH

GETTYSBURG, Pa. (P) — Almost 6,000 men had been killed in the battle. Hundreds more were dying by the day. Gettysburg — a peaceful bustling town today — was a charnel house in 1863.

So, to bury the dead, a cemetery was started. And a consecration ceremony was decided upon. That called for an orator. Edward Everett was the silver-tongued choice of all concerned.

Would he come? He would, he informed the committee, but he was a busy man. Couldn't they

put the ceremony off a month or so?

They could and did — for Edward Everett. Then, pretty much as an afterthought, they sent an invitation to the President of the United States.

He came — on the date selected by Edward Everett.

WALKS FROM STATION

Abraham Lincoln and his party came by train, after a horse-powered switch from one railroad to another at Baltimore. He walked from the station to David Wills' house in the village square.

There he stayed the night. He

knew he would be called upon to make a few remarks so he brought some notes from Washington. He didn't think much of this first draft so he called in the reigning expert. Edward Everett was not the first nor the last outside consultant called in to help on a presidential address.

In the end, though, it was Abe Lincoln's speech.

He wrote it, painstakingly, on a little oval table you still can see in a little room over a drugstore here in Gettysburg.

But he didn't get to deliver it on schedule.

For one thing, the parade to the cemetery was late in starting. Then Edward Everett was a half-hour late arriving at the cemetery. He had been out inspecting the battlefield.

SPEAKS FOR TWO HOURS

Every school child has been told what happened next. Everett spoke for two hours.

"Standing beneath this serene sky," he began, "overlooking these broad fields . . ."

It got pretty deadly before he was through.

Abraham Lincoln pumped Everett's hand and then spoke his own few words, starting "Fourscore and seven years ago . . ."

It is a tribute to his audience that those who could hear the President applauded — six times, according to the Adams Sentinel and General Advertiser's correspondent on the scene.

A few hours later, Lincoln stopped by at the Presbyterian church — where another Republican president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, sometimes visits today. Lincoln didn't stay for the end of the church exercises. His train to Washington was waiting.

Few people remember that, in the midst of all this tumult, Lincoln made another speech. A crowd gathered outside the Wills house and clamored for him. Finally, his tired figure loomed up in the doorway.

"I appear before you, fellow citizens," he said, "to thank you for the compliment. The inference is a fair one that you would hear me for a while, were I to commence to make a speech.

"I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial is that I have nothing to say."

("Laughter," reported the newspaper on the spot.)

"In my position," he went on, "it is somewhat important that I should not say foolish things."

("If you can help it," a heckler interrupted, according to the same observer.)

"It very often happens," concluded the President, "that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg you to excuse me from addressing you further."

What ever became of Edward Everett, anyway?

